

DELL

NO. 1929

SEPT.-NOV.

Still 10¢

BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

- The Gun Smugglers
- Bad Medicine
- The Book Soldier



Gravely ill, the Apache
Chief's son lingers between life and
death while an army doctor tries
to save him.

If he dies, Captain Shank Adams
knows the settlers will be attacked
by vengeful Apache hordes who
will blame the army for "Bad
Medicine."



BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CHALET

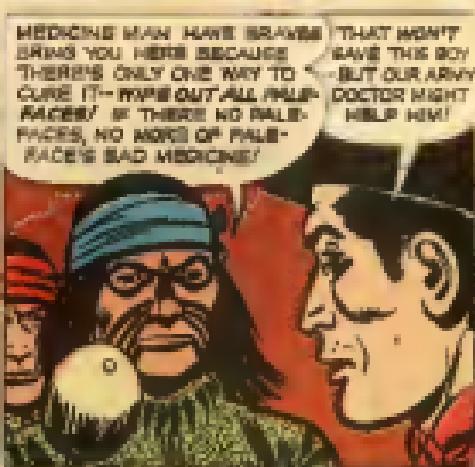
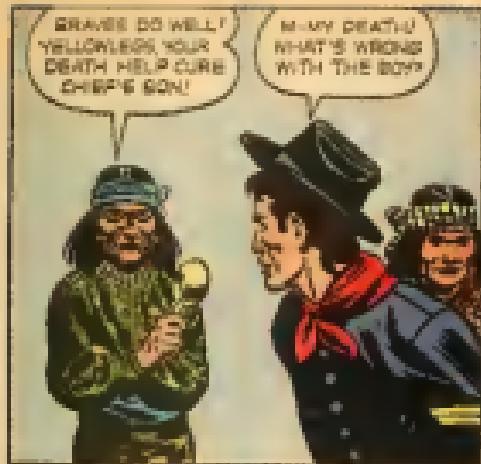
BAD MEDICINE

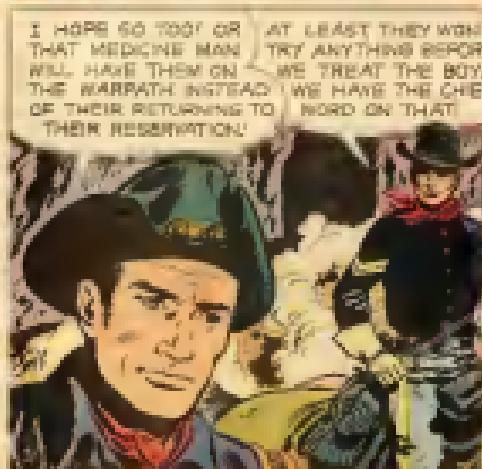
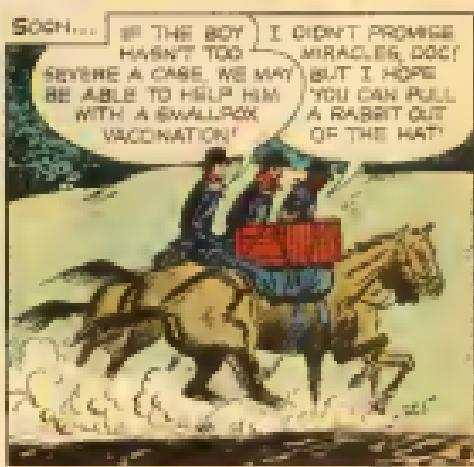


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IF THOSE APACHES SMASH THAT CRATE, BY THE TIME WE GET ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF VACCINE, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

COVER ME! I'M GOING AFTER THAT PACK HORSE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

BUT, CAPTAIN, I WAS THE ONE WHO GOT YOU INTO THIS AMBUSH! RESCUING THAT PACK HORSE IS MY RESPONSIBILITY!



SHOOT ADAMS! YOU CAN'T
LET HIM GET KILLED WITHOUT
RAISING A FINGER!

I CAN'T NOT
WITHOUT A
GOOD CHANCE OF
HITTING DAVID!



LET'S GO, FELLOW! GIDDYAP!



H-HE'S GOING
TO MAKE IT!



NO, DOCT' IT
WAS TOO GOOD
TO LAST!







SECONDS
LATER...

THERE! YOU DIDN'T
HEAR HIM CRY OUT, DID
YOU? HOW IS THE APACHE
MEDICINE MAN AS BRAVE
AS TWO STRIPES?

HERE MY
ARM!
STRIPES
WANT



A MOMENT LATER...

YES, OTTER CLAW I
HAVE TESTED THE
MEDICINE! IT IS SAFE
ENOUGH FOR YOUR
SON!



AND AS THE WHOLE TRIBE WATCHES, THE
DOCTOR VACCINATES THE APACHE BOY...

THAT SHOULD
HELP HIM!



HOW LONG
BEFORE HE
BE BETTER?

IF IT WORKS—WE'LL
KNOW IN TWO DAYS! TILL
THEN, OTTER CLAW, ALL
WE CAN DO IS WAIT!



TWO DAYS DRAG SLOWLY BY, BUT THEN THE CHIEF'S SON PASSES
THE CRIES! SMILES BREAK ACROSS THE APACHES' FACES...

WE RETURN TO PEACEFULNESS!
PEACE BE KEPT! NOW ALL APACHES
GET STICK-IN-ARM FROM YELLOW-
LEAF MEDICINE MAN. WE
BE SAFE!

I'M GLAD EVERYTHING
TURNED OUT WELL,
CHIEF! EVEN COR-
PORAL DAVIS GOT THE
SOUVENIR HE CAME FOR!

INCLUDING ONE ON
MY ARM
THAT I DIDN'T
ASK FOR!

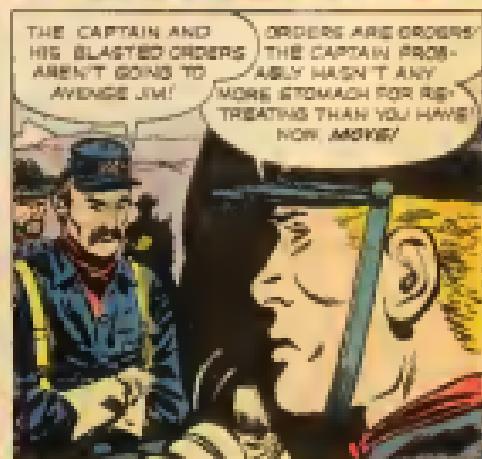
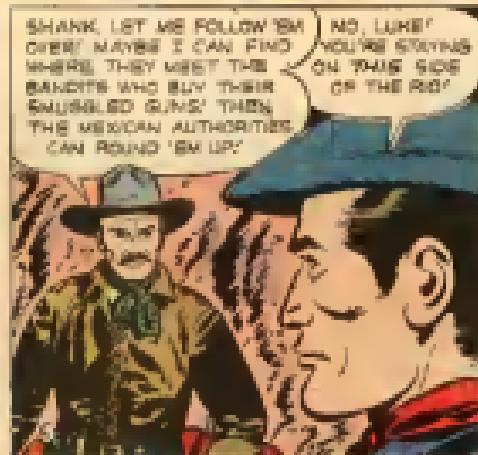
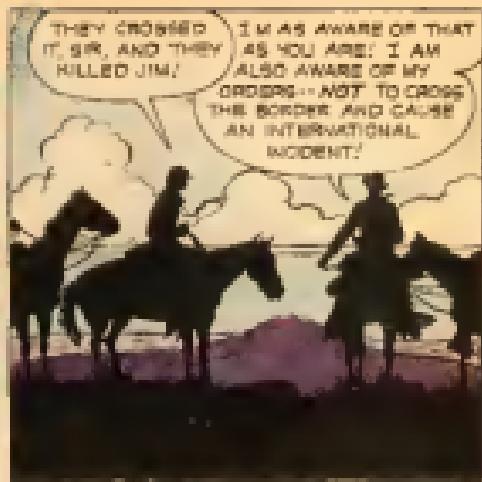


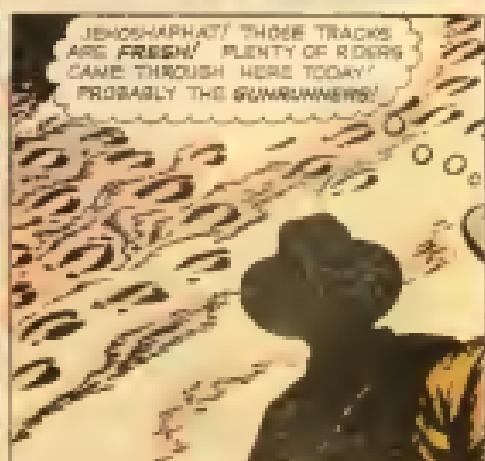
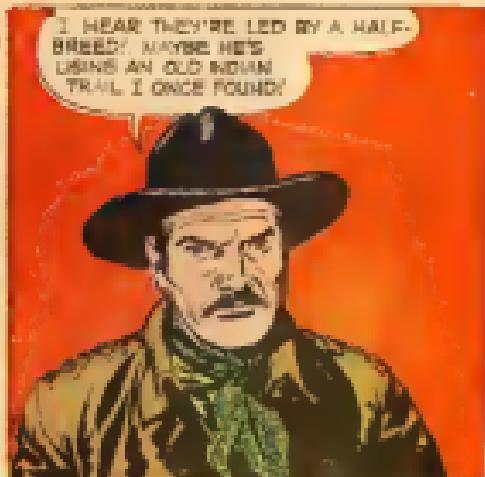
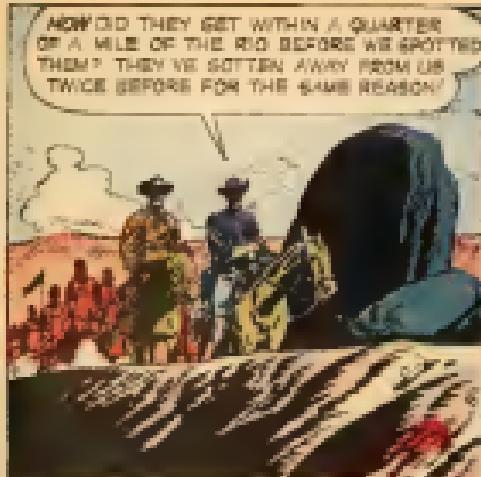
BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

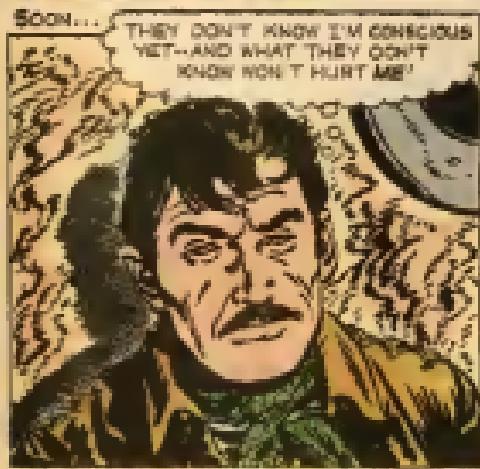
THE GUN SMUGGLERS

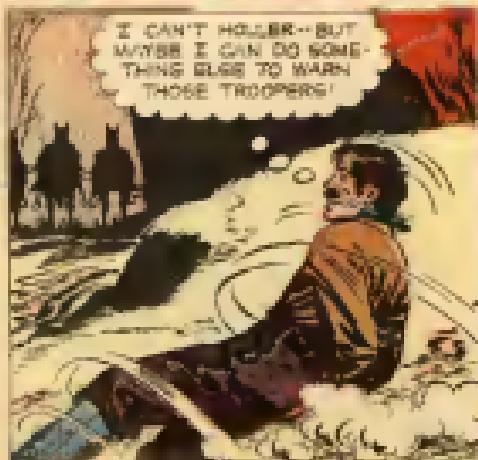
















BEFORE THE CANNERY CAN STOP THEM,
THE SMUGGLERS FADE INTO THE DARKNESS...

FROM WHAT I HEARD,
BAMM, THEY MEET THEIR
MEXICAN CUSTOMERS JUST
ACROSS THE RIO!

THEN I MAY HAVE
A WAY TO CAPTURE
THE SMUGGLERS AND
THE MEXICAN BANDITS
IN ONE OPERATION!



TWO DAYS LATER...



WELL IF YOU'RE
NOT GOING ANY-
WHERE TILL YOU
ANSWER!

AH, CORPORAL, WE WERE
JUST PLANNING TO CROSS
THE RIO ON OUR OWN TIME
AND AVENGE JIM! WHAT'S
WRONG WITH THAT?



MINUTES LATER...



MESSING THE CAPTAIN'S
PARDON, BUT A LOT OF THE
MEN ARE WONDERING JUST
HOW YOU PLAN TO FULL
THAT TRICK SIR!

UNFORTUNATELY,
I CAN'T TELL
YOU ONE
ACCIDENTAL MORE.
A CASUAL SUR-
VEY OF THE PLAN
WOULD BE RUINED. YOU'LL
HAVE TO TRUST ME!



TRUST HIM, HE
SAYS! THE BOYS
WANT ACTION!

THERE IS NO PLAN.
THAT'S WHY HE
COULDN'T TELL US
ABOUT IT!



THREE DAYS LATER...

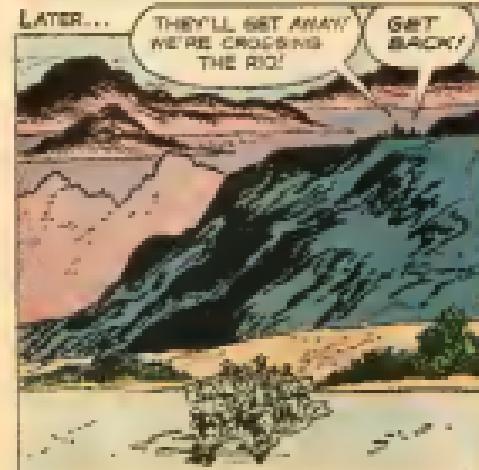


RED HAND...

THE RUMOR WAS RIGHT!
THE ARMY IS USING
THIS OLD TRAIL TO TRY
TO SNEAK A MASON-
LOAD OF GUNS INTO
PORT LOWELL!



TAKE IT!



FOUR HOURS LATER, THE PUZZLED TROOPERS WATCH THE SMUGGLERS CROSS THE RIO AND CAMP. STILL NO ORDER IS GIVEN TO ATTACK...



HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE MAY HAVE TO WAIT A FEW MORE HOURS BEFORE I ORDER THE ATTACK! I'LL COURT-MARTIAL ANY MAN WHO FIRES WITHOUT MY ORDER!



ALL NIGHT THE ALMOST REBELLIOUS TROOPERS WATCH AND WAIT AND THEN AT DAWN...



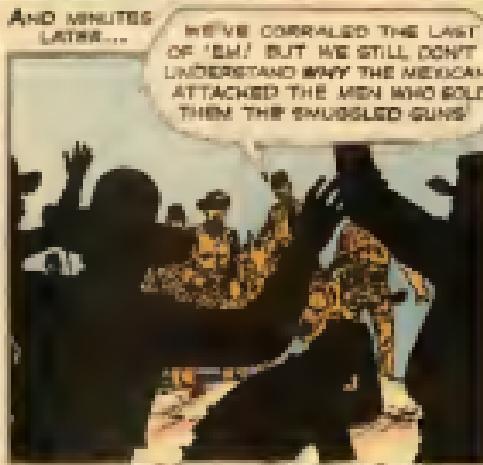
THOSE MEXICANS
ROBBED US OF HALF
OUR JOB!

THERE'S STILL
ENOUGH LEFT!



AND MINUTES
LATER...

WE'VE CORRALLED THE LAST
OF 'EM! BUT WE STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY THE MEXICANS
ATTACKED THE MEN WHO SOLD
THEM THE SMUGGLED GUNS.



QUICKLY, SERGEANT BULLOCK LOADS AND PRESSES
THE TRIGGER...

THIS RIFLE
DOESN'T
WORK!

NONE OF
THE RIFLES
WORK!

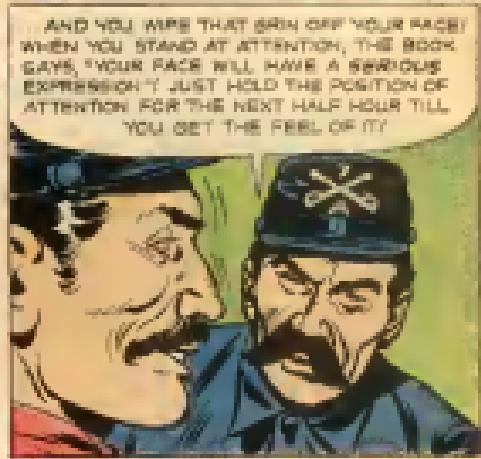


BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

THE BOOK SOLDIER





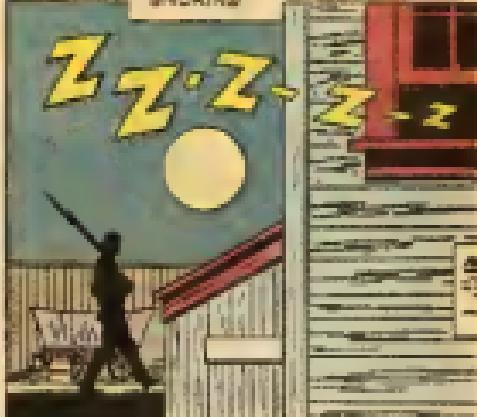


WITH A STRONG SWOPE, SERGEANT GRIPP
SEPARATES THE TWO FIGHTERS ... ANYONE I CATCH

ANYONE I CATCH
FIGHTING CAN EXPECT
TO END UP IN THE
GUARDHOUSE FROM
NOW ON. IS THAT
CLEAR?



THAT NIGHT, PORT LOWELL SETTLES DOWN TO SLEEP, AS THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS MEN'S SHARING.



But suddenly a
single trumpet...

WHY WHAT IN BLAZES, BOOTS AND SABRES?



A comic book panel showing three men in a room. The man on the left is shouting "OUT OF YOUR BUNKER!" and the man on the right is shouting "GRAB YOUR GEAR!" The man in the center is looking shocked.

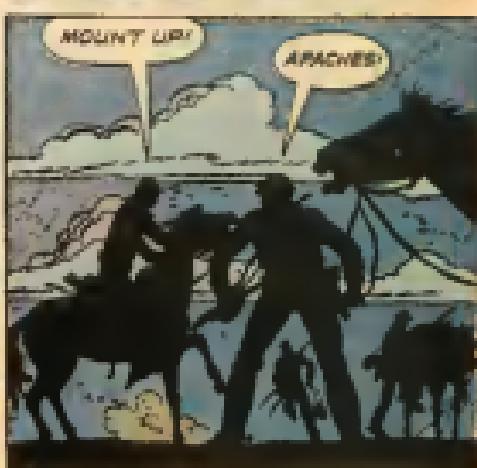
WHY ARE THEY
SOUNDING "BOOTS
AND SADDLES" IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT?

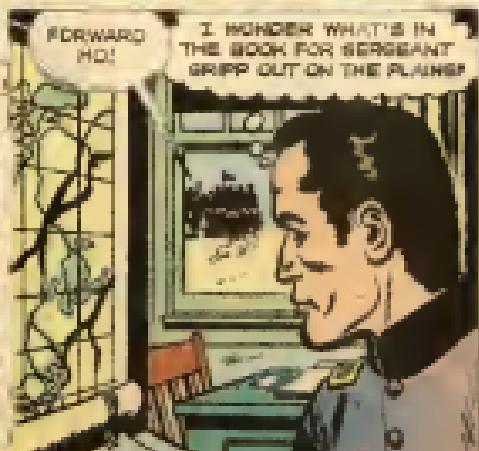
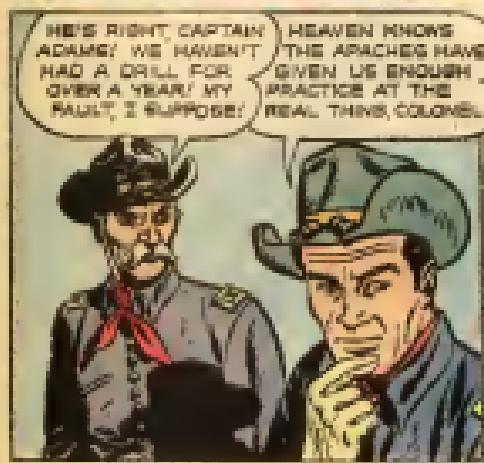
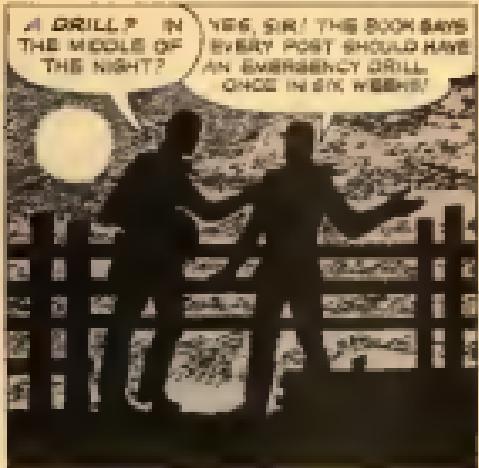
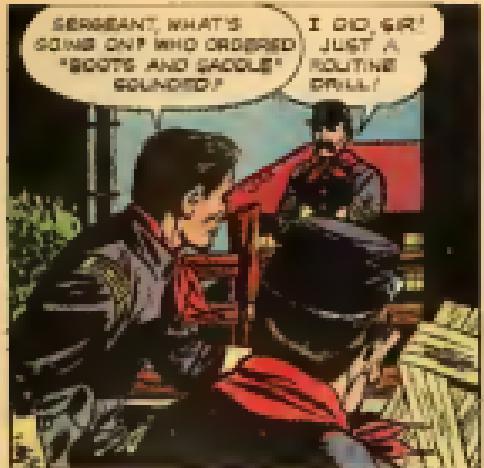
WE MUST BE UNDER
ATTACK FROM
APACHES!



MOUNT USE

APPENDIX





THAT
EVENING...

SERGEANT,
AREN'T YOU
PIKETTING THE
HORSES PRETTY
EAR FROM
CAMP?

ONE HUNDRED
YARDS IS THE
PRESCRIBED
HYDRAULIC DISTANCE
IN THE BOOK! IT IS
A HUNDRED YARDS
RIGHT HERE!

PICKET
THEM HERE!

LATER... OHWWWW

WHOOP,
WHOOP!

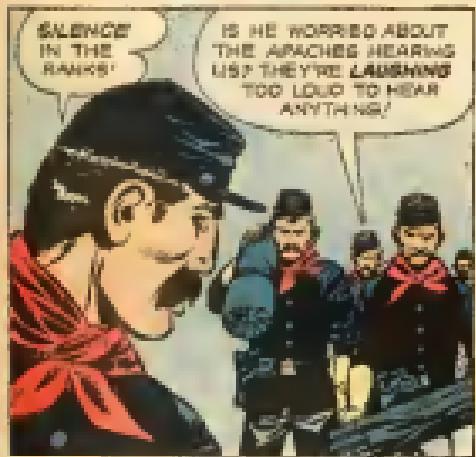
COMMENCE
FIGHT!

A FAT LOT OF
GOOD IT'LL DO!

NEXT
MORNING...

IF ONLY WHO
PIKETTED THE
HORSES CLOSE
TO CAMP THE WAY
WE ALWAYS DO
IN APACHE
TERRITORY!

FORM UP AND
STOP
GRUMBLING!
THIS PATROL
WILL CONTINUE
... OH FOOTY!



ALL THE NEXT DAY, THE MEN FOLLOW SERGEANT GRIPP AS HE NOW SETS OUT FOR PORT LOWELL...

PICK THAT UP! YOU'RE CARRYING BACK EVERY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT WE CAME OUT HERE WITH!

EVERYTHING BUT OUR HORSES!



ON AND ON THEY PLOD AS THE HEAT SIMMERS OFF THE BURNING SANDS...

HE'LL NEVER GET US TO THE PORT HIS WAY! I'M TAKING THE SHORT CUT AND BRINGING BACK HELP!

GOOD LUCK! I'LL NEED IT!



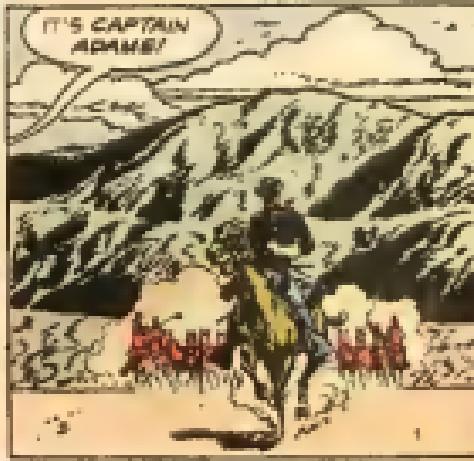
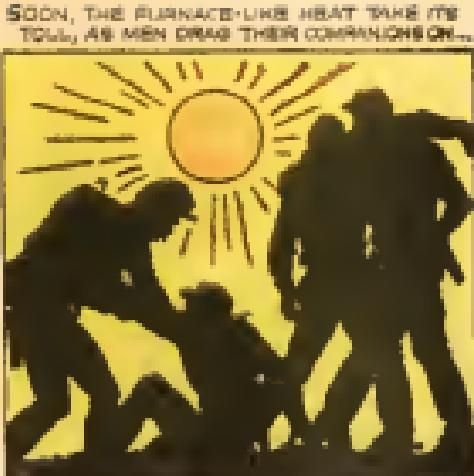
YOU THERE! AGALT!



I KNOW THE WAY BACK! I'LL BRING HELP...

GET BACK IN THE RANKS! THIS PATROL DOESN'T NEED ANY HELP!





YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN!
ON YOUR FEET! HERE
MOVING OFF!



CAPTAIN, MAYBE YOU
CAN'T ALWAYS GO BY
THE BOOK! MAYBE
YOU'VE GOT TO TEMPER
REGULATIONS WITH YOUR
OWN JUDGEMENT—LIKE
HOW MY MEN
NEED THEIR
HORSES!

WELL, IF YOU'RE NO
LONGER FOLLOWING
THE BOOK SO
READILY, I SEE NO
REASON WHY
THEY SHOULDN'T
RIDE BACK!



LATER, WHEN SERGEANT BULLOCK RETURNS
FROM PUBLUGH...

LUCKY! NOTHING! I
HEARD YOU RESCUED
MY MEN, CAPTAIN! LUCKY
YOU WERE NEARBY WHEN
THE APACHES RAN OFF
IT WAS CLOSE BY
WHEN THE APACHES
HIT THOSE
HORSES!



YOU WERE
FOLLOWING
HIM?

YES! I WAS CURIOUS
TO SEE HOW FAR HE
COULD GET OUT IN
THESE PARTS—BY
THE BOOK!



A PLEDGE TO PARENTS



The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only code and constant goal.

WESTERN FORTS



PIONEER FAMILIES GAVE THANKS WHEN THEY PULLED INTO THE SHELTER OF A MILITARY FORT ON THEIR LONG TRAIL ACROSS HOSTILE COUNTRY. THOUGH OFTEN VERY SMALL, THE FORT'S HIGH WOODEN WALLS MEANT SAFETY, SINCE INDIANS PREFERRED HIT-AND-RUN ATTACKS ON UNPROTECTED GROUND TO THE LONG SIEGE OF A WELL-ARMED FORT.



THE PARADE GROUNDS WERE LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF THE FORT, HERE THE SOLDIERS DRILLED, PARADED, AND HELD EVENING RETREAT.



"SOAPSUDS ROW" HOUSED CHILDED MEN'S WIVES LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CAMP LAUNDRYSESSES AND SO ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THEIR SOLDIER HUSBANDS TO FRONTIER CAMPS



SECOND LIEUTENANTS WITH THEIR FAMILIES LIVED IN ONE SMALL ROOM WITH A SHED OUTSIDE FOR A KITCHEN. WITH EACH PROMOTION, OFFICERS GOT ANOTHER ROOM.



THE SOLDIERS' MOUNTS WERE WELL-CARED-FOR. THE HORSES' STABLES CONTAINED A BLACKSMITH SHOP, HARNESS ROOM AND STORED SPACES FOR THE ANIMAL'S FOOD.



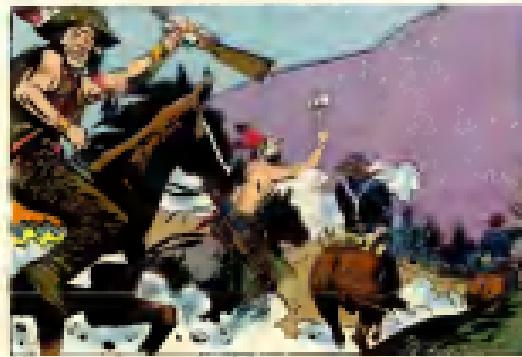
AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, THE UNITED STATES ARMY WAS A HUGE MELTING POT OF ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE. FORMER "VOLUNTEERS" REJOINED AS "REGULARS", USUALLY ACCEPTING A LESSER RANK JUST TO STAY IN SERVICE. THESE WERE THE SOLDIERS WHO OCCUPIED THE SOUTH, PROTECTED WESTERN SETTLERS AND PATROLLED THE MEXICAN BORDER.



"BALTIMORE YANKEES" WERE FORMER MARTINE CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. WHEN THEY PROMISED TO JOIN THE ARMY AS INDIAN FIGHTERS, THEY WERE RELEASED FROM YANKEE PRISONS.



NEGROES, INCLUDING MANY RECENTLY FREED SLAVES, WERE CALLED "BUFFALO SOLDIERS" BY THE INDIANS. THEY FOUGHT. THE TENTH CAVALRY WAS A FAMOUS NEGRO REGIMENT.



INDIANS WERE ENLISTED AS SCOUTS IN THE ARMY OF THE WEST. THEY OFTEN SHED THEIR UNIFORMS BEFORE A BATTLE, AND FOUGHT IN THEIR TRIBAL WAR PAINT ALONGSIDE THE BLUECLAD SOLDIERS.



IMMIGRANTS FROM ALL NATIONS SWELLED THE ARMY RANKS, BUT SOLDIERS USUALLY MARCHED TO MUSIC PLAYED BY GERMAN OR ITALIAN BANDSMEN.